

## FOREST PROTECTION.

LAWS FORBIDDING THE DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER IN EUROPE.

Governments Have Supervision Over Private as Well as National and Communal Forests—Reforestation Carried on by Established Departments.

In Germany the various governments own and manage, in a conservative spirit, about one-third of the forest area, and they also control the management of another sixth, which belongs to villages, cities and public institutions, in so far as these communities are obliged to employ expert foresters and must submit their working plans to the government for approval, thus preventing improvident and wasteful methods. The other half of the forest property, in the hands of private owners, is managed mostly without interference, although upon methods similar to those employed by the government, and by trained foresters, who receive their education in one of the eight higher and several lower schools of forestry which the various governments have established.

The several states differ in their laws regarding forest property. Of the private forests 70 per cent are without any control whatever, while 30 per cent are subject to supervision, so far as clearing and devastation are concerned.

The tendency on the part of the government has been rather toward persuasive measures. Thus in addition to buying up or acquiring by exchange and reforesting waste lands—some 300,000 acres have been so reforested during the last 25 years—the government gives assistance to private owners in reforesting their waste land. During the last 10 years \$300,000 was granted in this way.

In Austria, by a law adopted in 1852, not only are the state forests—comprising less than 30 per cent of the total forest area—rationally managed, and the management of the communal forests—nearly 40 per cent—officially supervised, but private owners—holding about 32 per cent—are prevented from devastating their forest property to the detriment of adjoining. No clearing for agricultural use can be made without the consent of the district authorities, from which, however, an appeal to a civil judge is possible, who adjusts the conflict of interests.

Any cleared or cut forest must be replanted or reseeded within five years. On sandy soils and mountain sides clearing is forbidden, and only cutting of the ripe timber is allowed.

In Hungary, also, where liberty of private property rights and strong objection to government interference had been jealously upheld, a complete reaction set in some 15 years ago, which led to the law of 1880, giving the state control of private forest property as in Austria.

Under a law adopted in Italy in 1888 the department of agriculture, in co-operation with the department of public works and in consultation with the forest committee of the province and the respective owners, is to designate the territory which for public reasons must be reforested, under governmental control.

The owners may associate themselves for the purpose of reforestation and for the purpose may then borrow money at low rates from the State Soil Credit institution, and the department contributing three-fifths of the cost of reforestation upon condition that the work is done according to its plans and within the time specified by the government.

In Russia until lately liberty to cut, burn, destroy and devastate was unrestricted, but in 1888, a comprehensive and well considered law cut off, so far as this can be done on paper, this liberty of vandalism. For autocratic Russia this law is rather timid and is in the nature of a compromise between communal and private interests, in which much if not all depends on the good will of the private owner.

A federal law was adopted in Switzerland in 1876 which gives the federation control over the forests of the mountain region embracing eight entire cantons and parts of seven others, or over 1,000,000 acres of forest. The federation itself does not own any forest land, and the cantons hardly 100,000 acres, somewhat over 4 per cent of the forest area, two-thirds of which is held in communal ownership and the rest by private owners.

The federal authorities have supervision over all cantonal, communal and private forests, so far as they are "protective forests," but the execution of the law rests with the cantonal authorities under the inspection of federal officers.

In France not only does the state manage its own forest property, one-ninth of the forest area, in approved manner, and supervise the management of forests belonging to communities and other public institutions, double the area of state forests, in a manner similar to the regulation of forests in Germany, but it extends its control over the large area of private forests by forbidding any clearing except with the consent of the forest administration.—Century Magazine.

## A Great Scheme.

"Scribble has a great scheme on hand."

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## An Agreement.

Fred—How are you getting on with Miss Angell? Did you speak with her governor as you determined?

Frank—Yes.

Fred—And how did it come out?

Frank—So so. I said to him, "Mr. Angell, I love your daughter." Said he: "So do I. Now let's talk about something else."—Boston Transcript.

## "THE GAME WORE ON."

The Evening Work Ended to the Entire Satisfaction of the Banker.

The game wore on. The banker, who sat at the head of the table, was kept busy selling stacks of chips. The betting was heavy, and there were but two men who seemed to be winning anything.

The blue chips all came their luck. It was simply a case of bullheaded way. A man held four kings, one of this pair would hold up with four aces or a straight flush or something of the kind and spoil all calculations. It was exasperating, but it couldn't be helped.

Meantime the two lucky players conversed cheerfully about their luck and what they intended to do with the money. "I shall," said one, "go down to a fur store and buy my wife that cape she has been wanting so long. I know it is rather late in the season, but this is an exception of a lifetime, and I don't intend to let it slip."

"I shall," said the other, "take part of mine and get a new spring suit. With the rest of it I intend to take a trip to New York. I haven't been down there in a year, and I'm just about due for some fun."

The game continued to wear on, and the other players cursed their luck beneath their various breaths.

It came to be midnight, and 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock, and the game was still in progress. The two men were still winning. Nothing could stop them. At 3 o'clock everybody was tired, and it was decided to quit. The table in front of the two lucky men was covered with chips.

The banker pushed back his chair and said, "I am ready to settle, gentlemen."

It didn't take long to settle with the men who had not been lucky. Then it came to be the turn of the lucky ones. "How much have you got, Jim?" asked the banker.

"Three hundred and forty," replied Jim.

"And you, Bill?"

"An even 400."

The banker took a slip of paper and did some figuring. Then he dove down into one of his pockets and produced some thin white slips of paper. "Here's yours, Jim," he said, pushing two slips across the table, "and here's yours, Bill."

"What are these?" asked the two lucky men in concert.

"I O. U.'s," the banker answered sentimentally.

The two lucky men gasped. They looked at the papers and saw that the signatures were genuine. Then they tore them up and stalked out together.

"By George," said the banker, "I thought they would never get enough won to pay off those I O. U.'s."

"What do you mean?" asked the stranger in the game.

"I mean," said the banker as he smoothed out a big wad of bills, "that it's dinged tiresome work dealing big hands to two jays like them just because they stuck you once with their paper."

And the stranger in the game saw a great light.—Buffalo Express.

## Reters.

Isn't it comical how fashion can decree the rule of some particular article or style of dress and how women will perform the kowtow and accept it? Now it is the rever. It does not matter at all, at all, what pattern nature has seen fit to cut you by individually, if you are a woman you must be revered—that is, you must wear peters. You may rebel and declare you are too short, or too fat, or too long, or too lean, your dressmaker will regard you with superb scorn, while she allows you a wee small voice in the shape of your peters. You may have them pointed and narrow or fat and flaring. You may be perfectly conscious that when you get into them you will be submerged by them, and you may court effacement by ordering the fat and flaring sort. You may select your material, your liberty ranging from moire to wool or calico, but you must accept your destiny, and destiny decrees—peters. The only consolation to be derived from the situation is that fashion has the reputation of being somewhat fickle and may change her mind soon.—Jeannette H. Walworth in New York Mail and Express.

## One on Mrs. Helmuth.

Mrs. William Todd Helmuth, the new president of the Connecticut Association of Nurses—Sorositis, telling me, being so proud of her husband's (Dr. William Todd Helmuth's) decidedly handsome person, and her own by no means an unattractive woman. She has in her employ a negro butler, who is an old servitor, and who appreciates Dr. Helmuth's good looks in a manner second only to Mrs. Helmuth. One morning the man came to her and said, with enthusiasm: "Mrs. Helmuth, I suttin'ly do think Dr. Helmuth is dobes' look-in man in dis town. When I opened de do' dis mawnin' fo' him to go out, I said to myself, 'I don' believe de Lawd ever made a han'somer man dan Dr. Helmuth.'" "James," said his mistress gravely, "what do you suppose ever made the doctor marry a plain a woman as I am?" The man looked at her for a moment reflectively. Then the reply came in measured tones, "Mrs. Helmuth, ma'am, it was de will of Gawd."

## A Well Brought Up Mother.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a discussion of the much discussed "revolt of the daughters," gives the following pen picture of what is supposed to constitute a "well brought up mother:"

"She must never ask questions lest she be told lies. She must learn not to make inconvenient remarks and allow her daughters to say the social thing that is not, to her own domestic knowledge, with an unmoved countenance. She must not insist on the fair, frail creature wearing warmer clothing or stouter boots than is consistent with fashion. She must not venture to criticize the outsidings of letters or examine ball programmes. She must know everything and seem to know nothing and 'remember' or 'forget' according to the exigencies of the moment. She must consent to be caressed in public when such an exhibition is effective and snubbed on occasions when the maternal element is at a discount."

## Miss Emily T. Gerry.

It may surprise many persons to know that a daughter of the late Eldridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, is living. She is Miss Emily T. Gerry, an accomplished and charming woman, and the only daughter of the late Commodore Elbridge Gerry.

She is now residing in New Haven, Conn., and she lives alone with a few servants in an old fashioned roomy house in New Haven that has long been a part of the Gerry estate. Until five years ago Miss Gerry was perfectly sound in body and mind, but she received a stroke of paralysis which confined her to her bed. Lately her eyesight has failed her and her mind has lost much of its power. On April 13 the venerable lady saw the ninety-second anniversary of her birth. Her ill health would not permit a celebration, but she received a few calls from intimate friends and many notes of congratulation.—New Haven Letter.

## Feminine Rifle Shots.

Miss Pryor, sister of Major W. R. Pryor, late of the Twenty-second regiment of New York, is very skillful with both rifle and pistol. Miss Pryor practices several hours each week at a private shooting gallery. She has handled a rifle since she was a girl and is a wonderful shot. The Kildare club, which has its happy hunting ground in the Adirondacks, numbers almost as many girls as boys. The costume of the ladies is feminine as masculine shots among its members. The club is a pretty twined of the Kildare club, knickerbockers, a trim coat and a small, soft hat. The outfit is similar to that of young English girls, who of late have gone in for shooting with so much earnestness.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## HAIR RAISING FRIGHTS.

Is the "Standing on End" Sensation a Real or an Imaginary One?

As a general rule unscientific opinions on a scientific subject are of but little value to the student and the investigator. Yet to be permitted to ask such questions appears to relieve one to a certain extent, even though the answer be far from satisfactory.

There is a variety of opinions among the authorities concerning the subject of the hair "standing on end" in time of extreme fright, some of which are tenable and altogether probable, others ridiculous in the extreme. The notion, if not true, it is, that the hair occasionally raises and lifts the hat is of extreme antiquity. In the oldest book in the Bible (Job iv, 14-15) I find the following: "Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up."

Do you remember what Virgil says about his hero in the celebrated fox-fable's hoese passage? I read from Conington's translation:

While thus in agony I pressed  
From house to house the endless quest,  
The pale, sad specter of my wife  
Confronted me larger than in life.  
I stood appalled, my hair erect,  
And fear my tongue tied utterances checked.

Macbeth relates his experience as follows:

Why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair?  
And again in Hamlet we read:  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest words  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Similar instances of "hair raising" being mentioned in literature could be multiplied, but the above are sufficient, even without scientific corroboration, to prove that the phenomenon is not a freak of the imagination.

One of the authorities before me gives this opinion: "Plainly stated, the hair raising notion is without a substantial basis. In short, the sensation is only an imaginary one."

Hildreth says, "In such cases the hair actually stands erect, a result of a sudden contraction of the follicles."

Wilson's "Normal Condition of the Hair and Skin" says, "The phenomena of hair standing erect in cases of extreme terror cannot satisfactorily be explained."—St. Louis Republic.

## Beardless Physicians.

It is an almost fatal obstacle in the building up of practice for a physician to wear a youthful face. Any doctor will corroborate that. I remember an amusing incident in my own experience after I had graduated from hospital service and put up my shingle and started practice. It was terribly slow work getting patients. I had a friend who was a medical student in my office. He was very dark complexioned, and though only 20 years old had a big black beard. A woman called at the office one day and asked to see the doctor. My student answered the summons and said that he would call me. I walked into the reception room. The patient, who was a stranger to both of us, looked at me impatiently. I had a very adolescent mustache at that time.

"I want to see the doctor," she exclaimed rather sharply. "I don't want to see a medical student. I wish to see the gentleman with the beard." To save the patient's feelings I called my student back. I was present, heard all that was said, and I was the author of the prescription given. The woman didn't know that, however, and went away perfectly satisfied. It was simply an amusing illustration of the prejudice, unjust enough, to boyish looking doctors, and incidents of that kind occur every day.—New York Sun.

## Southern Planters.

The gentleman, indeed, has taken to agriculture in the south. Before the war the whole southern social system rested on the planter. There has been an insidious and noiseless industrial revolution since, but the planter remains the main support of the taxes. We have no class among northern farmers that quite answers to his. He resembles more the English country gentleman of a past generation when country gentlemen did not go to town.

All the same, it would not do to count the planter out of the scheme. He is the most American farmer of them all, barely excepting the New Englander, who is disappearing every year. He furnishes a conservative, native born influence of immense account. A class that still believes in God and women and honor, that may be led astray by hotheaded prejudices, but can neither be bought nor cowed, is a class to be valued, since it is as true today as in Goldsmith's time that—

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
—Octave Thanet in Scribner's.

## Wasting Our Wealth.

Providence stocked the earth, the waters and the air with a store of all that was necessary for the use or for the benefit of man. Had we been content to live upon what may be called the interest of this store there was amply sufficient to last for all time. But we are the spendthrifts of our race; we are exhausting our capital, exterminating every wild animal, lading out with our machinery every mineral and raking the very ocean for its wealth. What is to become of us when we have exhausted our sensationalism, exhausted our capriciousness, exhausted even our vitality?

Walter Leigh, a son of the principal even of that city, during the long run of the Mary. He also has the record of having peered as a star in the title role of Claudine more than four hundred times. They call this in de site du monde.—Truth.

## Your Learning.

Wear your learning like your watch in a private pocket, and do not poll it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like a watchman.—Chesterfield.

## ONLY ONCE LUCKY.

A Millionaire Tells How He Lost \$37,000 and Found It Again.

"What is the luckiest thing that happened to you?" somebody asked the millionaire.

"Do you mean sheer, unadulterated luck, something that just happens without any seeking on your part?" repeated the millionaire, throwing away a smoked perfect and taking another of his case.

"Well, you, let it go at that."

"I am generally accounted a lucky man by the thousand and one people who know more about me than myself. But, on my honor, what a genuine piece of good luck it was to me only once in my life. It is an amount to much, though it was not to me at the time. It was my filling my first job—that of a boy at \$3 a week—and I tell you I have never since felt so rich as when I came home my first \$3."

"I had been given a check for a bill to pay. After paying the bill I had just \$37 of my employer's money left. I had just crossed Broadway, happening to look back, I saw two men fighting in the street. I was tired of a boy then to take a keen interest in anything like a 'scrap.' I retraced my steps to see what it was all about. My amazement and surprise I discovered that the two men were fighting about the \$37 and the receipted bill, which in some mysterious fashion had slipped out of my pocket. A policeman appearing along at that moment, I wanted to prove that I had a better right to the property in dispute than either of the two combatants and recovered forthwith. They had each grabbed it at the same time, and each was laid to get all or none—luckily for me, have often speculated upon what might have happened if they hadn't quarrel. I should never have recovered the money, and in consequence I should certainly have lost my situation. That might have changed the whole current of my career, and instead of being a rich man might today have been a poor devil, or might have been twice as rich as I am. Who knows? Anyway I regard it as only a piece of downright, simon pure, unmistakable piece of good luck that befell me. But any Tom, Dick or Harry that you chance to meet will bide to tell you lots of luckier things than have happened to me—some of them things that I had worked at for years."—New York Herald.

## Earthworms.

Darwin says in "The Formation of Vegetable Mould": "If a man had dug up a small cylindrical hole with such objects as leaves, petioles or twigs he would drag or push them in their pointed ends, but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole he would probably insert one by their thicker or broader end. To guide in his case would be intelligent." He then goes on to show by reports of actual experiments that this is the method pursued by earthworms. Not only do they adapt the leaves of the trees of our own country to their needs, but the leaves of foreign trees are dealt with in a similar way. The following words of Darwin are remarkable: "If worms are able to judge, either before drawing after having drawn an object close to the mouths of their burrows, how best to drag it in, they must acquire some notion of its general shape. This they probably acquire by touching it with their feelers, and by the tactile organs of their mouth."

"It may be well to remember how perfect the sense of touch becomes in a man when born blind and deaf, as do worms. If worms have the power of acquiring some notion, however rude, of the shape of an object and of their burrows, as seems to be the case, they deserve to be called intelligent, for they then act in 'nearly the same manner as would a man under similar circumstances."

## Impecunious Congressmen.

"Although a congressman gets about \$13.50 a day in the way of salary," said an old time house attaché, "there are a great many men in the lower branch of congress who are always short of money. Quite a number spend their income recklessly, but a great many have legitimate domestic expenses that run up close to the amount of their salary that they have hard picking at times to get along."

"A considerable number of members discount their salaries at the banks. They are charged something like 8½ per cent, and if the total of this account were made public it would make a remarkable showing. It is by no means the new or younger members who are oftenest short before salary day comes around. Many of the older members, who have sat in the house for years, are in this predicament quite frequently. Many of them are men of irreproachable habits, but with large and expensive families to support and with heavy political obligations at home forming a constant drain on their exchequer which they cannot get rid of."—Washington Post.

## He Knew the Snap.

As the seasoned tramp and the green one passed along the road they observed a handsome, hospitable looking home resting peacefully in the quiet shade. "Git on to it, Cully," exclaimed the green one, his eyes sparkling in anticipation. "That's the kind of a place where we git a soft snap."

"Do we? You think we do, do you?" replied the seasoned one scornfully. "Well, you go in and try. I've been. Go on, in, but you'd better take a hydraulic jack along to pry the bull pup's jaws open with unless you want to tote him around with you. The gets ripe and falls."—Detroit Free Press.

## Our Higher Education.

Uncle George—Are you learning much at school?

Little Nephew—Yes, indeed. I'm learning to sit still, an not talk, an not learning to sit still, an get up an sit down, make any noise, an get up an sit down, an march, an lots of things.—Good News.

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